Little Red Riding Hood
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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

SUPPOSED by some to be of Scandinavian origin, the fairy tale of Little Red Riding Hood is now incorporated into the literature of all civilized peoples, and is read as enthusiastically by the children around German and French firesides as it is in England and America. Little Red Riding Hood, who smiles at us so charmingly from the picture, was a forest maiden, who lived in a cottage that stood by the side of a wood. Her father used to cut down trees in the great forest, and her mother sold poultry, milk, eggs, cream and butter. She had cheeks like an apple, and wore a cloak as red as a poppy. This cloak possessed a hood which she could draw over her face quite closely, in case the sun was too warm, or the rain fell in showers; and that is why everybody called the pretty child Little Red Riding Hood.

By the side of Red Riding Hood's cottage, there was a garden surrounded with trees where the flowers were the sweetest that ever were smelt. Beyond the garden was a small patch for wheat, and still farther on was the wood. Early one morning, Little Red Riding Hood's mother went down to the kitchen to make a cake. When the cake was nice and brown, the young lady came down in her little white apron and blue gown. She had a bowl of bread and milk for her breakfast, and when she had finished, her mother said: "Now, just slip on your cloak, dear, as quick as you can, for I want you to carry some things to your grandmother." The cake was on the table, and beside it stood a pot of fresh honey. Her mother put them into a little basket, pushed down the cover, and went outside of the door with her daughter. "My child," she said, "I want you to go through the forest of beeches, and larches, and pines, down by the pool of water, and over the fields, to your grandmother's. Tell her you have brought a cake, and a pot of honey, and do not stop to chatter with folks, or pick flowers on the way." Little Red Riding Hood promised to go as quick as ever she could, and not stop for anything. She went away, singing;

"At first blush of morning, I love so to view
The sweet-scented roses, all mantled in dew;
A thrill of delight
I feel at the sight
Of roses and lilies all mantled in dew."

The fields were all gold with buttercups, the hedges were white with blossoms, the woodbine's trumpets grew bright everywhere, the foxglove lifted its spires, the purple bells rang pretty tunes, and the modest pimpernels grew in shady nooks.

She entered a lovely greenwood glade, dappled with light and shade, through which the path ran to her grandmother's cottage. She loitered along, stopping to hear the thrush sing his song, or list in the croft to the blackbird's whistle; or follow the feathery down of the thistle. The flowers were so beautiful, and the butterflies so bright, we do not wonder Little Red Riding Hood put down her basket and commenced to pick the flowers. While she was thus engaged, a grim gray wolf came bounding along through the woods. He saw the little girl of the scarlet hood, and smelt the cake and pot of honey in her basket. He went up to her just as she had picked a lovely blossom.

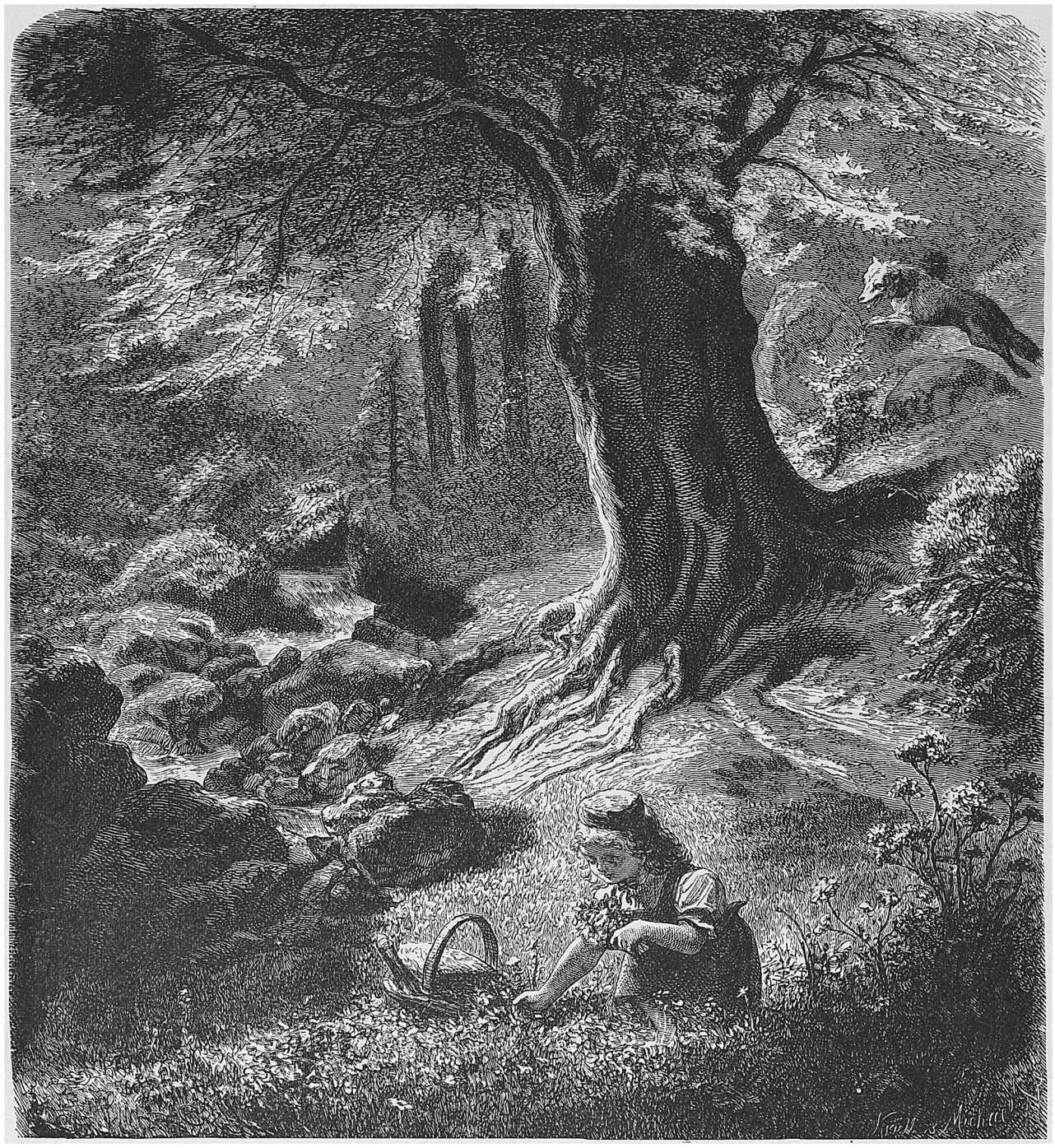
"If I might be a flower, I'd grace that bosom," said the wolf.

"Oh, what a sweet-spoken beast it is," said Red Riding Hood.

"Grant me one little kiss before you go," exclaimed the wolf.

Then Red Riding Hood was afraid, just a little, and refused to kiss the wolf, whereupon he asked if she had far to go. "No; in yonder valley, where moss-roses grow, dwells my old grandmother; I'm going there," she answered.

All this while she is not much afraid of the wolf, because close by she can hear her father chopping down trees in the woods, and she knows he would fly to her rescue if the wolf should harm her. So she picked up her basket, and commenced to walk along the path, which ran through the woods to her grandmother's cottage. The wolf walked along by her side for a short distance, talking to her, and asking all sorts of queer and wolfish questions.



"What a nice cloak of scarlet! How pretty you are!" he said. "Let me carry your basket. Let me see you safe to your grandmother's. What is your name, my little dear?"

Alas! for Little Red Riding Hood. How naughty it was that she should let the old wolf flatter her, and allow him to walk by her side and talk, when her mother had told her not to chatter by the way. She told the wolf her name, and pointed out where her grandmother lived in the small brown cottage that stood by a pond.

"She's so old that she can't get out of bed," said Red Riding Hood.

"Poor dear," said the wolf. "But how does she manage to let you in?"

"When I reach the cottage I knock at the door until she calls out 'Who's there?' Then I answer, 'Your grandchild, who brings you a cake and pot of honey,' and she is sure to reply, 'If you pull at the bobbin the latch will fly up.' That's how I get in."

"Oh!" said the wolf, in a hurry, "this lane is my way, so I'll wish you good day."

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The wolf hurried off through the wood, round by the pond, to the cottage beyond, until he reached the door. He rapped at the door so loudly that the old lady woke up with a start. "Oh, dear me, it cannot be Red Riding Hood," she said, "so I'll pretend to be sleeping." The wolf rapped again, so hard that his knuckles were sore. "Who's there?" cried the dame. Said the wolf from the outside, "It's no one but Little Red Riding Hood, grandmother! I've brought you a cake and a pot of honey."

"If you pull at the bobbin the latch will fly up," replied the delighted old lady.

The wolf opened the door, and no sooner had he got inside the cottage, than he ate up the frightened old lady, and jumped into her bed. He put on granny's big nightcap and tied it under his chin, and he cuddled the clothes close up to his nose, and said: "Here goes for the little one!"

After the wolf left her, Little Red Riding Hood put down her honey and the cake, that she might chase a butterfly. A mouse stole the cake while she was gone, and when she came back she grew frightened. "Alack!" she cried, "what a loss! Won't grandmother be cross to breakfast off nothing, with honey for sauce?" Just then a glittering dragon-fly darted by, and off ran Red Riding Hood, by ditches and hedges, by marshes and sedges, by ponds full of reeds and all sorts of weeds, until she entirely forgot the pot of honey. When she returned it was empty! The ants had discovered it in a sunny spot, and cleared away all its contents. "Shan't I get a scolding for stopping to play!" says Red Riding Hood, starting to go on through the forest's leafy green arches. At last she is approaching her grandmother's cottage. What excuse can she make for the honey and cake? She creeps through the garden, but in spite of her trying is very near crying. Her knock is so faint at the door, that the wolf is scarcely aware that any one is knocking, but he cries out, "Who's there?"

"Red Riding Hood, who has come to see you," answers the little girl, sobbing.

"Pull at the bobbin," said the wolf, "and the latch will fly up." She opened the door, and tottered in. "Where is the cake your mother promised to bake? and where is my honey?"

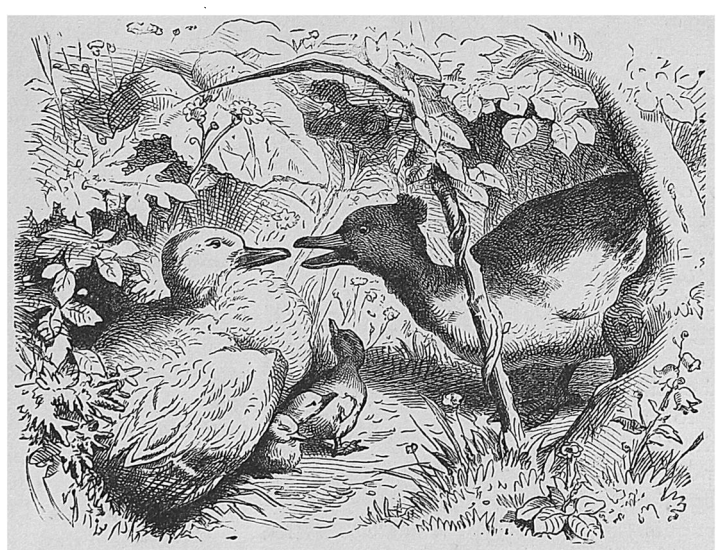
"Please, grandmother, ma is not able to bake to-day, and as for the honey, what makes you expect any?"

"I'm feeling so hungry and faint, I'm quite chilly," replied the wolf. "You must get into the bed to warm me." She takes off her clothes, and into bed goes. The old wolf keeps the counterpane up to his nose. Poor Little Red Riding Hood sees that her grandmother is looking remarkably queer:

"Oh, granny, I view your long ears with surprise!"
"They're to hear all you say to the letter,"
"Oh, granny, how fiery and big are your eyes!"
"They're to see you all the better."

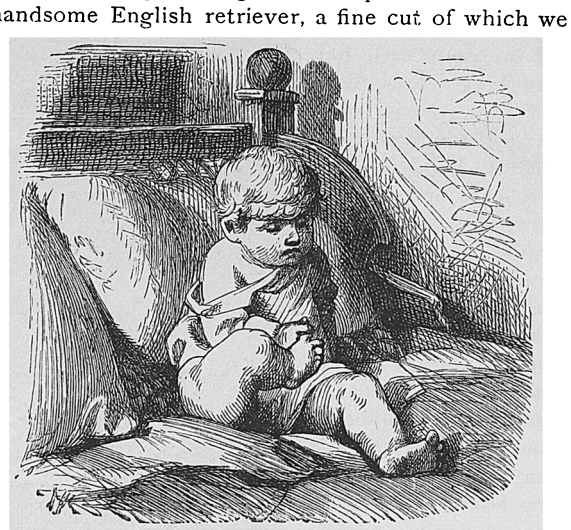
"Oh! granny, your teeth are tremendous in size!"
"They're to eat you!" *And he ate her.*

Having read the entertaining and thrilling romance of Little Red Riding Hood, who met with such a tragic fate, we shall turn with pleasure to the other illustrations which enliven this page. The little Skye terrier has been trained to be a postman, and is returning from the village as fast as his legs can carry him, with a letter in his mouth for his mistress. The child and the frying-pan illustrate one of those very early experiences and mishaps, when a pair of sooty and blackened hands are a source of infantile wonderment and incomprehensibility. The white porcelain stove, common in Germany and Switzerland, by which the child is standing, shows the little tell-tale finger-marks on its edge! Another exploit of childhood days is the attempt to put the great toe into the mouth—a feat easy of accomplishment when bones and tendons are soft and supple. Here, also, we see a friendly drake holding a conversation with a motherly duck, which is disinclined to leave her brood of little ones, when all the home-surroundings are so duck-like.



OUR HOUSEHOLD PETS.

AFTER birds, among dumb animals, cats and dogs take the lead as household pets throughout the world—among the wild tribes of Indians, as well as in the palaces of the aristocracy of Europe. Exactly why cats or dogs are called dumb animals, it is difficult to see, for the humblest of us are aware that they frequently make night hideous with their mewings and howlings. London has the reputation of being infested with all kinds of noisy animal nuisances; so much so, that the *Athenæum* recently said, a Londoner has no right to rest if he cannot sleep when surrounded by barking, shrieking, howling, and crowing brutes. Why shouldn't a man's dog howl all night, if the moon shines bright, and the air is crisp and clear? The Hon. Caleb Cushing recently tested the question in Washington as to the right of a neighbor's dog to howl, and succeeded in having the poor dog quieted. If dogs are sometimes such a nuisance, what can be said in favor of those cats which love to ramble upon the roof of a house, indulging in serenades pitched upon a key far above the "high C?" Our illustration gives us a glimpse of feline felicity—two old cats having had a falling out over a third cat, which sits complacently upon a distant roof, like a queen upon a dais, watching the knights as they tilt in a joust. Which knight will win, it is impossible, from present appearances, to foretell. Both have their backs up, and their ears thrown back; both are glaring at each other and displaying some very sharp teeth. One cat is very near the edge of the roof, and the next tilt may send him to the street below, to share the fate of the poor pussy which finds herself in the jaws of a great dog, not over-partial to cats, the handsome English retriever, a fine cut of which we



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